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T H E
M O U N T A I N
E C H O E S
FOURTEENTH
ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

NOVEMBER
DECEMBER





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MOUNTAIN ECHOES

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The Mountain Echoes is hand-composited and published bi-monthly by the inmates of Manitoba Penitentiary, with the kind permission of the Commissioner of Penitentiaries, A.J. McLeod. It is designed to promote a better understanding between inmate and public.

Subscription rates are \$1.00 a year. Authorized as second class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, 1951. Those wishing to subscribe may do so by addressing their remittance to: **MOUNTAIN ECHOES,**
c/o the Warden—Box 101,
Stony Mountain, Manitoba.

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Contents

ARTICLES

The Fashion Four	10	Frank L. Morton
Blood Experiments	29	Don Iwaniw

SOCIAL

Canadian Broadcasting Corporation's Annual Concert	19	Frank Morton
Question	18	E. Van Dusen
Prejudice	46	Charles

MISCELLANEOUS

The Prodigal Inmate	6	Adam Johnson
Our Culture	7	Submitted By: Mr. Cowperthwaite

SPORTS

Under The Gym Roof	33	Jack Wannop
Sports Banquet	39	E. Van Dusen

DEPARTMENTS

Editor's Page	3
Hobby Corner	8
AA	15
Steve Bee's	
News and Views	16
Cornagraphic Edia	27



Warden Harris

From The Warden

As we again approach the Christmas Season, it gives me pleasure to wish all inmates a very Merry Christmas. The staff of this Institution join me in extending these wishes to you and share with me the sincere hope that the true spirit of Christmas, with its warmth and understanding, will remain with you long after the seasonal activities have ended.

The New Year, too, brings hope for the fulfilment of our dreams and plans. May 1965 be a happy and a prosperous year, bringing progress and success to your many and varied undertakings during the course of the year.

Merry Christmas & Happy New Year

CATHOLIC CHAPLAIN'S ANNUAL

CHRISTMAS MESSAGE

Christmas is the birthday of Jesus Christ the Prince of Peace. The Angel who spoke to the shepherd in Bethlehem's fields brought a message of peace: "Peace on earth to men of good will." The peace of Christ should find its way into our hearts on this blessed day, and the more men follow a way of life like that which is mapped out by the Child of Bethlehem, the more peace they will find in their own lives and the more peace they will create around about them. They become instruments of peace, God's peace. Men like the seraphic St. Francis Assisi, who prayed: "Lord make me an instrument of your peace!" Where there is hatred, let me sow love, where there is injury, let me sow pardon, where there is doubt, let me sow faith, where there is despair, let me sow hope, where there is darkness, let me sow light, where there is sadness, let me sow joy. May the peace and joy of Christ on this Christmas Day light up your lives and abide with you always.

Father Bedford





GUEST EDITORIAL

DILEMMA!

E.T. Van Dusen

Name any subject you wish, and you will discover at once that it is controversial and open to rebuttal and criticism. Name a subject that is not controversial and you either have disinterested readers, or your article is not well founded, or, poorly written.

Penal institution publications are, in themselves, among the few that attempt to inform the public about one particular group of peoples, law offenders. To this end, penal publications strive to inform the public about their wayward counterparts in the hopes that the public will accept those offenders now in prisons, jails and parole, to the extent that they will assist in the ex-offender's rehabilitation.

Our publication does not have unlimited sources of supply at its disposal to gloss the pages. We do not have all the problems, nor all of the assets of other jurisdictional jails or prisons, therefore we write mainly about what we experience locally. Very rarely will you find a penal periodical captained by a professional writer or newspaperman. Most of us are offenders who are either interested in penology or merely carrying out a job assigned to us—and our interest is something that grows with each publication.

The "Mountain Echoes" is a periodical, published every two months, on a limited budget with limited equipment and personnel. We are a very small voice among some of our larger cousins and we often fail to give our public what it wants, rather, we give them what we have to offer. Grammatically speaking, we are constantly aware of our shortcomings in english composition, and we err often. We would welcome guest-authors who would contribute to our magazine; especially those persons who are concerned with penology or with the hiring of ex-offenders. With your contributions we enlarge our perspective and knowledge of what you think of us—and what problems you may feel need attention . . . to the extent of a better understanding.

We are controversial. We are the least understood and the most confused. Therefore, we welcome your critisims and opinions in order to meet the needs.

The "Mountain Echoes" offers you the reader, the opportunity to comment. In doing so, we will all benefit because of a mutual interest.

We mention our amateur standing in the world of publications-and we give you the very basic facts of our material limitations, plus our extreme lack of writers for our magazine and with all of this we say to you readers that we would like to give you a publication that says something and follows a course of reason, with dedication towards those men now in prison with hopes that they may someday return to their community with a helping hand there to guide them . . . or at least to steady them through the shakey moments. There is no doubt that at this very moment there are men on parole or probation who are finding the going pretty rough. These men need help. If they are not helped when they need it . . . then its a sure thing that you tax payers will suddenly discover that a bit more of your money will go into a fund for the detention of the persons. Someone has to pay for the food, clothing and lodging of these men, these things do not come as a gift, You are the sport that is footing the bill, so you might just as well get a little something for your money. It's very simple . . . take an interest in your investment. In the long run the investment will become an asset.

What can be done to help? Well, for one thing, we could use your interest to put out a better publication to help get the subject of law offenders into the public mind. Not to arouse them that they are about to be cheated or robbed by some person in their community; but to bring to their attention the fact that law offenders could be anyone. To stimulate the gray matter a bit to the point where the public will discover that they they are actually helping themselves, by helping ex-offenders.

One fellow said to me the other day, (when I tested him out on this subject), "Look, Van, people are funny. Any time you mention help, they think in terms of money. You can call people names, you can insult their intelligence, but don't make the mistake of inferring that money is involved. You'll lose out. People cry out the loudest when you hit them in their pocketbook."

Money has not been the subject of my editorial. People are my subject. A special group of people, who are costing the nation more money than any single tragedy or series of tragedies. Money is involved, sure, and THAT should interest the public if the money is theirs.

Every person interested in these men should ask what they can do to help these people. The actual needs of ex-offenders are very small. A trusting employer. A family that assists as a friend. A Pastor that would

Please Turn To Page 36

PROTESTANT CHAPLAIN'S ANNUAL CHRISTMAS MESSAGE

At this time of the year the story of Christ's birth will be told and retold in practically every country of the world.

After the passing of nineteen centuries, this Child of Bethlehem still continues to grip the imaginations and hearts of all mankind; his influence is still paramount; his way of life is still impelling; and his promises are still the hope of mankind. Kings and Kingdoms have come and gone, systems of thought have had their day and ceased to be, and man-made institutions have perished in the dust, but the Child of Bethlehem is still the greatest hope of salvation of the human race. His gospel of love, peace and brotherhood is the creative, redemptive force which he let loose on the world. Truly, no man ever spoke like this man!

The Christmas season will be a time of homecoming, rejoicing and exchanging of gifts and greeting. In this way we symbolically express our love to God for His unspeaking gift and proclaim our allegiance to Him who is man's rightful King. There can be no peace in our troubled world until Christ's precepts of love, brotherhood and forgiveness become enshrined in the hearts of human beings.

Rev. Joe Wiznuk

THE PRODIGAL INMATE

A certain penitentiary had two model inmates, and the younger of them said to the Warden: "Warden, the other fellow is getting too many privileges. Give to me the same portion of privileges as is my due." So the Warden allotted equal privileges to them.

And not many days after, the younger inmate again got fed up, absented himself, and wasted his time in hiding out. And when his resentful feelings and complainings had spent themselves, he began to be in want.

So he joined himself to an out-cast group and frequent dives which fed the sordid needs of the godless and soulless multitudes. And he fain would have filled his belly from the garbage cans.

And when he came to himself, he said: "How many inmates at the old pen have joy and peace and plenty to eat, while I perish. I will arise and go to the Warden and will say unto him: 'Warden, I have sinned against thee, and am no more worthy to be a trustee. Give me a menial job, even to scrubbing the Dome.'"

And he arose and came to the Warden. But when he was a great way off the R.C.M.P saw him and had compassion on him, and ran grabbed him and put him in irons and led him before the Warden.

He said to the Warden: "Warden I have sinned against prison rules, and am no more worthy to be a trustee."

But the Warden called the guards and said, "Bring new clothes and them to him, let him shower and give him the best meal possible and let him have his old cell again. We will rejoice for this our trustee was dead and is alive again was lost and is found."

Now the elder trustee was coming from work, and, as he drew near the main building, he heard much singing and rejoicing, and he called someone and asked what these things meant.

And he was angry and would not come in. Therefore came the Warden and entreated him. And he answering, said to the Warden: "Lo, these many years have I served here, neither transgressed I at any time the regulations, yet I cannot even get a transfer to the Farm Annex. But as soon as this fellow comes back, who has let us down badly, you celebrate and rejoice.

And the Warden said unto him: "Friend, thou art even with us, and all my admiration and thanks are thine. But it is meet that we should rejoice and be glad, for this our fellow inmate was dead and is alive, was lost and is found."

OUR CULTURE???

How much of what we, as North American citizens, have today is a result of other people in other countries and other times?

The following article by Ralph Linton may explain:

Our solid American citizen awakens in a bed built on a pattern which originated in the Near East but which was modified in Northern Europe before it was transmitted to America. He throws back covers made from cotton, domesticated in India or linen domesticated in the Near East, or silk the use of which was discovered in China. All of these materials have been spun and woven by processes invented in the Near East. He slips into moccasins, invented by the Indians of the Eastern Woodlands, and goes into the bathroom, whose fixtures are a mixture of European American inventions, both of recent date. He takes off his pyjamas, a garment invented in India, and washes with soap invented by the ancient Gauls. He then shaves, a masochestic rite which seems to have been derived from either Sumera or ancient Egypt.

Returning to the bedroom, he removes his clothes from a chair of southern Europe type and proceeds to dress. He puts on garments whose form originally derive from the skin clothing of the Nomads of Asia, puts on shoes made from skins tanned by a process invented in ancient Egypt and cut to a pattern derived from the classical civilizations of the Mediterranean, and ties around his neck a strip of bright-colored cloth which is a vestigal survival of the shoulder shawls worn by 17th Century Croatians.

Before going out for breakfast he glances through a window made of glass invented in Egypt and if it is raining he puts on overshoes made of rubber discovered by the Central American Indians, and takes an umbrella invented in Southern Asia. Upon his head he puts a hat made of felt, a material invented in Asiatic Steppes.

On his way to breakfast he stops to buy a paper, paying for it with coins, an ancient Lydian invention. At the restaurant a whole new series of borrowed elements confronts him. His plate is made of a form of pottery invented in China. His knife is of steel, an alloy first made in Southern India, his fork a medieval Italian invention, and his spoon a derivative of a Roman original. He begins breakfast with an orange from the eastern Mediterranean or a cantaloupe from Persia or perhaps a piece of African watermelon. With this he has coffee, an Abyssinian plant, with cream and suger. Both the domestication of cows and the idea of milking them originated in the Near East, while sugar was first made in India. After his

Please Turn To Page 35

HOBBY CORNER

by E.T. VAN DUSEN

Although oil painting is my personal choice for a hobby, I must confess that I am more than intrigued by the needlework art that men and women all over the world are doing.

In the last issue I gave our readers a small amount of information on Petit Point and some insight into how it was prepared and its values according to the size of thread that was used, not to mention the fact that the smaller the thread, the smaller the screen, making the scene much more delicate and giving a better piece of work overall.

Now, I think, is the time to mention another fascinating type of needlework that is fast becoming the rage in European countries and spreading to this hemisphere. I refer to Kotoi and Natin.

Kotoi is the Japanese art of manufacturing cloth by hand, and in so doing create a pattern or scene within the cloth, much the same as a rug or tapestry maker would do. The one difference being that in Kotoi, the work was

usually done in thread so fine, the human eye could almost not detect it. Each thread was individually dyed by the worker and sewen into it's place. Sometimes a piece of work only six inches wide and twenty inches long, would take a worker five years to complete, if he did this part time after his day's labours.

So it is no wonder that in ancient time, that Kotoi workers were specialists with each one having his own special secret thread to work with and his own formula. Emperor's protected these people and had such high regard for their work that they made it a death penalty for anyone to attempt to secure the secrets of these people, as they were under the protection of the Emperor.

Natin is just about the same thing as Kotoi, with an exception. Natin uses several threads of various thicknesses and colours to create the final work of art.

Kotoi and Natin were both used exclusively for the historical records of both nations, in ancient

time. And it was also used as a means of preserving poetry and religious themes that the Japanese and the Chinese both held in the highest esteem.

During the Ming Dynasty, the arts were the thing and the making of porcelain, wood carving and jade, were thought to be the highest form of expressions, if done intricately and with a skill that would defy scrutiny. Artesians of the better class were made the Imperial Household artists and historians. Naturally the work of those who could take their material from spiders, silk worms (and insects so small they could not be identified) and weave this, or sew it into patterns so minute that there was no way to describe how it was formed . . . these artists soon became the most desired of all the skilled persons that made up the artistic concubine of the emperors.

For three hundred years the Ming dynasty cultivated some of the most fantastic artesians of all times. Espionage agents used these delicate works to carry secrets, which, to this day, may only be known to those who have the information and the key to the coded inscriptions carved or sewn into the works of art.

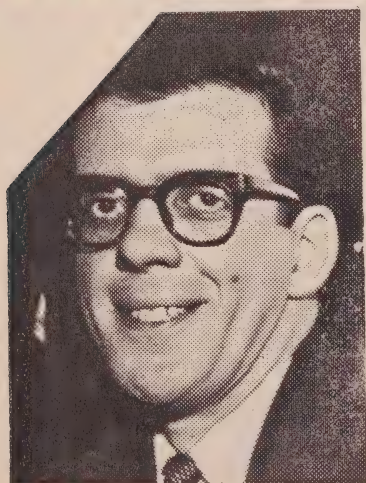
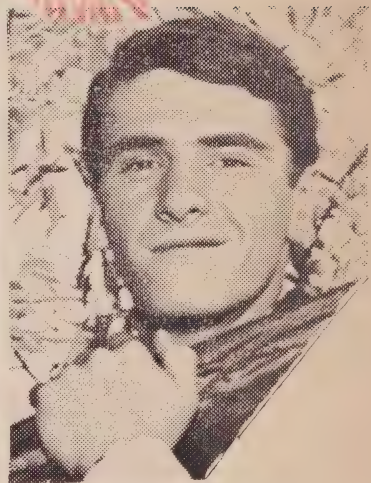
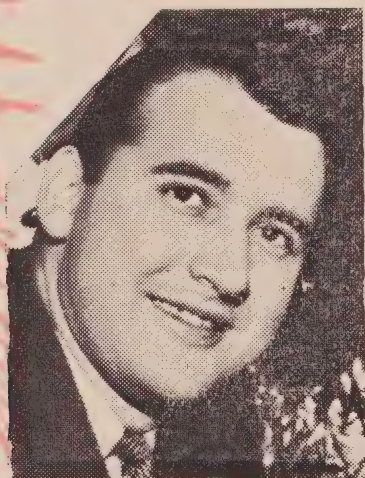
All of this information has been to give you, the reader, an idea of the esteem that hobbycraft works give to the maker and the final

owner. In almost all of the cases where hobbycrafts are concerned, more labour and pride of workmanship go into the article than the buyer realizes. Handcrafted articles always outlast and out-perform the factory made article. The care and the skill of the worker is such that he feels flaws and is sensitive to any kind of irregularity that may develop in the material. So much so, that some of the greater artesians' works of art are of immediate notice, because there seems to be in it a part of the author himself.

Today, a purchaser of any kind of material from overseas has to be on his toes. There are some clever counterfeits of many of the more desirable articles made by handicrafters of repute. One of these reproductions is the copying of Kotoi and Natin scroll works on a synthetic plastic cloth type of base. A fine offset printing is used to create 4 colour reproductions of masterpieces and when this is done a minor arterian usually sews one slightly thick thread into the scene in various places to give the effect of a hand sewn article. I saw one recently and the person had paid the equivalent of about \$350 for a Kotoi scenery of 5 by 7 inches. It was a beautiful thing, but it was not an original nor anything near to one. I would estimate that I could make the same article mass production, for about three cents

Please Turn To Page 30

The Fabulous
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FEATURING . . .

THE FASHION FOUR

Frank L. Morton

From Montreal to Vancouver, from New York to San Francisco, from Los Angeles to Miami Beach in bars, taverns, night clubs, and on university campuses I've watched vocal groups perform; folk groups, rock and roll groups, popular and jazz groups and barbershop quartets. Some of these groups were great! Others, not so great; and some of them were downright dreadful! However, regardless of their performance, each and every time I saw a group perform I was the recipient of a deep inner feeling of satisfaction — satisfaction in knowing that this rising flood of young entertainment was good, not only for our culture and the morale of our general population, but for our restless youth, who are forever seeking ways to express themselves through out their search for new horizons.

Out of the many male vocal groups, which I have had the pleasure of seeing and hearing, one group in particular won a permanent place in my memory. The name of this quartet was the Fashion Four. I stumbled upon these four dapper young entertainers at a prominent Winnipeg night club, one evening, quite by accident, (Having dashed into the

club, without a look at the billboard, for a late tranquilizer after a trying evening). The lights dimmed; the spotlight came on; and four young men, dressed very smartly in the latest of fashion, exploded in front of the microphone.

Right from the first, I found myself hanging over the table, tranquilizer forgotten, digging their every sound and movement. Their first number was quickly followed by another, and another, and before my head had time to clear, I found myself faced with a lone mike and an empty floor. One moment they were there, banging out one production after another, enveloping their audience in a whirlwind of music, voices and laughter, and the next they were gone! Having disappeared in a storm of applause that left a conspicuous silence in its wake.

In the midst of watching floor shows and the like, at various locations around the continent, my mind invariably drifted back to that particular night in Winnipeg, and the Fashion Four. I tried unsuccessfully on these occasions, to pin-point exactly what it was about this quartet which caused my memory to dwell upon them. And then, one Sunday afternoon, a short

time after arriving behind these walls, I was given the pleasure of watching them perform again. And perform, they certainly did!

Their entrance was made with the same explosive force which I had witnessed on the previous occasion. They crammed their particular spot on the concert program with pure unadulterated talent of the highest caliber—literally capturing their walled-in audience with their sparkling lively performance of ballads, folk songs, blues, and pop tunes. Topping the bonanza off with a comedy skit on the "Beatles" that outdid the originators.

Watching the Fashion Four perform on this occasion, and on many occasions since (These guys are regular contributors to our winter entertainment program, and I might add; without a thought to remuneration), I have had the opportunity to scrutinize them individually. All in their twenties, the Fashion Four consists of; Cliff Moss, Leon Petelko, Ralph Aiello, and his brother Tony Aiello. Ralph and Tony are the cut-ups. Ralph, the more sophisticated of the two, plays the part of the straight man, while Tony plays the prankster. Of course, every now and Ralph cuts up a little too-- just to confuse the issue. . . . Cliff Moss and Leon Petelko are the serious side of the quartet. One stands out for his "Statue of Liberty" pose, where he

stares out over the heads of the entire audience, a symbol of virtue while nonsense is going on all around him. The other is so straight and inconspicuous, he makes one wonder why he's there at all—that is, until they get serious again, and one hears the supreme blending of voices that characterizes the idyllic sound which they are becoming renowned for producing.

From the showmanship angle; all four seemed to be loaded with it. Their on-stage movements and swing routines are strictly professional. Their combined sound is more than pleasing to the ears and exceptionally exhilarating. One would look far and wide to find a more polished or better matched vocal quartet.

Surprisingly enough, these four young singers all had similar backgrounds: They all grew up in Winnipeg and sang in various choirs as youths. All became interested in quartet singing in their early teens. Prior to getting together as the Fashion Four, they had individually sang in a number of vocal groups in and around Winnipeg. They made each others acquaintance through this mutual interest, and with experimenting for the right sound, they formed the Fashion Four.

As a group, these four young men studied music with various musicians in Winnipeg, and attended Konrad's Conservatory of

Please Turn To Page 46



THE NEW DAWN GROUP

There are very few facts about alcohol that Alcoholics Anonymous haven't talked about, written, or tried. To approach such a well worked subject, one must qualify either as an expert on the "Disease of Alcoholism" or be a member working the AA program to the best of his ability.

I hope to qualify as the latter, and if starting from the bottom of any venture deserves merit, this should indicate AA can help an inmate like myself, as there are not many places below the bottom (prison) from which one may hope to start.

The alcoholic who comes to prison has usually been exposed to many forms of treatment, all obviously without success. Almost every alcoholic has been exposed to "cures" by physicians, sanitoriums and even some to psychiatric treatment,

Generally, most alcoholics arriving here are discouraged about their future, after receiving one or all of the other procedures which have failed. By the same token, psychiatry certainly has contributed its share to success in the treatment of alcoholics. There has even been some successful treatment in private sanitoriums, but these are generally operated for the profit involved rather than any real concern for the alcoholic.

It can be said without contradiction that Alcoholics Anonymous has affected a higher proportion of successful adjustment for the alcoholic than perhaps all other methods combined. Thus in an otherwise dark and gloomy picture, the success of AA stands out prominently.

The willingness of AA members to accept individually for their own personal worth, overlooking and ignoring his mistakes of the past, was often the big lift necessary to keep an alcoholic from falling again. The willingness of an AA member to help a complete stranger is often inspiring to see.

Institutional AA has a great deal to offer, but the only realistic measure of its success is in the number of active members who by learning to walk with the AA program while in prison, then remain with AA after release and who, through AA, are able to remain in society as constructive contributing members.



STEVE BEE'S NEWS AND VIEWS



On September 30th the residents of this community behind walls went to the polls to elect three members to the Recreation Committee. Candidates nominated to contest each seat were: K. Allen, A. Albertini, L. Fortin, S. Gudge, and H. Johnson. They prepared speeches, which were read over the PA system. They put up posters to attract the eye of the voter. They even erected platforms to give us an idea of what they would try to do for us if elected. Some of the planks in some of the platforms were: working for the modification of the recreation program — enlivening entertainment — organization of a recreation program based on character and body development. Each candidate asked for the support and cooperation of the voters, and those that got it, (and were elected) were: Allen, Albertini and Fortin.

Boxing has been outlawed in this institution. WHY? No one seems

to know. Training facilities are still available and those interested in self development should take advantage of them. Those that became acquainted with the sport while it was in vogue, can attribute a part in their rehabilitation, to character traits acquired while participating in boxing. Training for boxing develops speed, agility and endurance in the body, and builds up self-confidence. It develops alertness of mind, enabling one to solve situations and make snappy decisions while under pressure. It teaches one to accept advice, utilize it, and to respect the capabilities of others. In boxing, perseverance is acquired which enables a man to strive by hard work and training to achieve any goal he may set for himself, and when applied correctly to everyday living can mean success. Character traits such as these once established help one to overcome the adverse situations one encounters in the battle of life. Good physical condition and

a sharp mental outlook can be yours by hard work. The facilities are here and yours to use. Take advantage of them for your personal benefit, the cost is only time and effort, use them constructively.

A license to operate a motor vehicle is required by law. Any person who drives a car, truck, etc., must first prove his ability to operate such a vehicle by taking a written test regarding the rules and regulations of the road. Then a road test is given by a government inspector to test the applicants abilities to operate a vehicle, before said license would be issued. Not so in making an application for a marriage license. No test, other than a blood test, is required. This seems somewhat ridiculous and hard to understand. A society whose literature is written by eminent authorities, stressing the intelligence and education required to understand children, and the proper guidance necessary to help them develop into solid citizens, must, I think, rectify the situation. How? I really don't know. Selective breeding? No, that's no answer

but qualifications of some sort should be required for prospective parents, if we hope to eliminate the many ills which stem from the roots of delinquent parents.

An excerpt from a newspaper states that an 18 year old youth was sent to jail for 10 months. On similar charges his father recieved only 6 months, by the same magistrate. We do not know wether or not there were extenuating circumstances to excuse the differences in sentence of the parent and junior, But we do know from practical experience the undue influence the parent could and did express on his son, whether the action was right or wrong. Scientific experiments have shown where an involuntary action would respond to a coordinated impulse. It's not hard to imagine the reaction of the son when addressed by his father. The enviornment which influenced, controlled and contributed in the developement of junior was created in part and assisted by his father who can be termed a delinquent parent.

Things I'd like to see

. . . . honor to those who gave their lives, so we who are left can carry out their hopes; of freedom of speech, freedom from want, freedom of care, freedom from fear and freedom of will. Canadians commemorating Armistice Day by constructive deeds, trying to fulfill the beliefs for which their lives lest we forget

..... Monies spent on elaborate funerals for those who have passed on, who are beyond feeling, seeing, or hearing, donated to research, helping to alleviate problems for those who are left behind.

..... An honest man or woman as honesty is defined in Webster's Dictionary

..... the Mardi Gras of the North, held in The Pas, Manitoba, on February 21, 22, 23. the Trapper's festival.

..... Canadians writing a letter to their respective M. P.'s at Ottawa, helping to clarify the uproar in The House at present regarding a distinctive flag so members could attempt settling other business pertinent to our Country's welfare.

..... the inmate committee making an attempt to balance their recreation schedule, so active participation in sports will not conflict with sports telecasts, movies, etc.

..... an enjoyable Christmas had by everybody, with a New Year bringing you health and happiness.



QUESTION

What do we gain from the life we live
And do we gain more than we give
Why must we grope to seek and find
The long lost things we've left behind
A thing to ponder
A worldly wonder

—E. T. Van Dusen

CANADIAN BROADCASTING CORPORATION'S

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ANNUAL CONCERT

AT

STONY MOUNTAIN PENITENTIARY

The doors opened and the rush for seats was on! Within minutes the large auditorium was filled to capacity and the din had subsided. Approximately 500 men sat quietly facing the drawn curtains of the stage in anxious anticipation of what was to come.

No, this wasn't the opening performance of Gypsy Rose Lee's first night at the local burlesque house This was the C.B.C.'s annual fall concert at Stony Mountain Penitentiary. And the above reaction was one that occurs annually. C.B.C. plays to a packed house every year at this institution, and will continue to do so for as long as they come out.

We of Stony Mountain have come to look upon the show people of C.B.C. as more than just top entertainers. We see them as good friends, and anxiously await their return each and every year, knowing, when they make their appearance on the scene, that we are slated for two full hours of top performance entertainment staged with an intimacy equal to, if not greater than, any variety show anywhere.

The lights dimmed and the auditorium filled with music as the curtains opened on the 15 piece C.B.C. orchestra led by Bob McMullin. At the mike, wearing a heart-warming smile, was the familiar face of comic M.C. Len Andre.

Len shot the show into orbit with

a pair of funny, funny jokes and, after the laughter had died down to a dull roar, introduced Bob McMullin and his big band. And when I say big! I mean really big! The sound this orchestra produced was the big-band swing-sound. The arrangements on the two numbers they literally lowered on us, Take The A Train and Begin The Begine were right out of this world! The music boomed through the big room and smiles burst upon the faces of hundreds of happy watchers. . . The show had begun! . . . And what a beginning it was.

After the applause had subsided, Andre stepped before the mike and with a few choice words introduced two outstanding artists known to all of us: Georges La Fleche and Reg Gibson. Georges with his smooth and versatile voice and Reg, whose gifted vocal chords have embellished many a western ballad, have entertained us handsomely on previous concert occasions as well as on the much watched, C.B.W.T. Channel 3.

Georges got the show on the road by singing a quaint little ballad in both French and English with Reg accompanying him on guitar. For the next 20 minutes these two talented songsters swapped songs and sang duets: an assortment of popular and western ballads and novelty tunes that included, Mad About My Sarah Jane, Careless Love, and others,

finishing up with a rousing duet on Wake Up Darling Corrie.

These unique voices were backed by four swinging musicians known as the Ted Komar Group. This group is receiving a considerable amount of acclaim in Winnipeg for its work on C.B.C.; and no wonder when it incorporates musicians like, Lenny Breau, in my humble estimation, one of Canada's greatest guitarists! and Reg Kallen: the craziest wrists for miles around!

Reg and Georges left the stage midst the pounding of many hands and the stamping of a likewise number of feet. This show of appreciation subsided only long

enough for M.C. Andre to announce the magic name of Peggy Neville; then back came the clamor louder than ever.

You see, Miss Neville is to the boys out here, what the Sweetheart is to Sigma Ky and she causes no less a reaction.

Peggy bounced to the front of the mike attired in the prettiest cowgirl outfit that ever graced a stage, including the fourwheeled Wells Fargo type. Her dress, a refreshing cream-of-tomato pink, was embossed with white flowers and leaves and trimmed with a buckskin type fringe. She wore a glittering white kerchief around



Bob Mc Mullin (with sax) and the CBC Orchestra. (Not all shown.)



Georges la Fleche and Reg Gibson (with guitar)

her lovely neck, and to top off her ensemble, white on white tooled cowgirl boots. She made quite a picture, with the spotlight accentuating the sparkle in her blue eyes and dancing playfully through her golden hair, as she began her opening number; When You're Smiling, which she laced with a few lines from, Getting To Know You.

Her voice fullthroated and heartwarming, give those arciient lyrics new life and set the mood for the next 15 minutes of fun and song . . . The fun: like the enticing of one of the boys from the audience to come up on stage and do the

twist - - all by his lonesome - - while she laughed and sang to the tune of, Moving On; and her dedicating and singing of a song called, Yours; to another poor, embaressed soul, Edward Laderoute, was thoroughly enjoyed by all. (The brave individual who did the twisting was none other than our own Henry le Clerc)

Following Miss Neville, which is a tough thing to do no matter how you look at it, were the famous, Altones! However, it wasn't so tough for those wranglers - they've been following Peggy for years on CBC, and doing a darn good job of it.

Dressed in smart red cowboy



Lorraine West, backed by the CBC Orchestra.

suits, white hats, and black boots, they sang a number of western favorites; Round Up Time In Texas, Bloom on the Sage, Roll Along Covered Wagon, and many more. They did a very funny arrangement of an old yodling tune which could have been called; Chime Bells, Bing Bing Bing, or As You Like It! At any rate, it was unique and well done to say the least. It's always a pleasure to hear these four voices: Andy Anderson, Bert Scinocca, Brian Flye, and Dick Carr; a blend supreme!

At this point in the program, the far out band of Bob McMullin rejoined us with a swinging rendition

of: I'm Beginning to See The Light. For their second selection a charming and provocative young lady by the name of Lorraine West took possession of the microphone.

Lorraine, singing in a sensuous, exciting voice, treated us to two great standards: Button Up Your Overcoat and I Had The Craziest Dream. Combined with the orchestration of Bob McMullin this little girl singer turned out to be quite a gas! We would sure like to have the pleasure of seeing and hearing her perform on our stage again. The orchestra also played a splendid arrangement of Cotton Candy featuring the 'crazy' trumpet sound of

Harry Ellsworth.

At this interval I would like to take the time to make a comment on the limitless efforts of M C Len Andre. Through the entire show this funnyman did a fantastic job of keeping things moving at a good steady pace while filling in the time between acts with witty conversation and good humour . . . it was pure enjoyment watching him work. In keeping with his gifted avocation he announced the next act: Winnipeg's own, Ray St. Germain!

Punching vigorously through a virile repertory that commended attention and appreciation, Ray proceeded to take the place by

storm. He belted out one number after another and finally ended up with some imitations of top western singers and one of Elvis, that, by the way, scored him no less than three encores.

This youngster has come a long way from his Western Hour days. I've heard tell that he is a smash hit with the people that count in show-biz in our town . . . After hearing him today, I am inclined to agree.

Joined by Len Andre as the second half of a comedy team, these two guys literally brought the roof down with honest-to-goodness side-splitting routines that



CBC's Peggy Neville, backed by Ted Komar and Group.

had the audience rolling in the aisles. Ray played the straight man, and Len, the funnyman, sang duets on such themes as, Mr. Baseman, If You Knew Susie, Just Because, and, attired in dyed Beatle Wigs, and calling themselves, The Potato Bugs, they did everyone's favorite?? "Yeah Yeah Yeah" A downright brilliant comedy skit by a pretty fetching team!

After the thunderous applause for Len and Ray, Bob McMullin and the boys treated us to Banzi Pipeline A real swinging orchestration by a swinging orchestra! . . . An orchestra that contained a many familiar faces from the bandstands of Winnipeg's night spots.

Finally on the program, Georges la Fleche returned to our stage to sing a couple of numbers with the 'Big Sound'. He did one that was especially good! A build-up-type arrangement of Cotton Fields. He started this piece without any musical background and gradually the orchestra blended in a section at a time It turned out to be quite a brilliant piece of workmanship Georges, for the benefit of all our American readers, happens to be the very talented brother of a famous singer who comes from our town and has been enter-

taining you south of the border for a good many years; Miss Gisele MacKenzie.

The charming Lorraine West made up a duet with Georges for the final selection; a smooth rendition of Slow Boat To China.

Andre brought the concert to a close by introducing Mr. James Henderson who in turn introduced Mr. Dan Wood; both prominent men in the ranks of Winnipeg's CBC and the producers of the concert. The success of these shows year after year depend upon the production and direction of these two men in cooperation with the toil of the technicians behind the scenes. It's quite evident that the job they are doing is an excellent one.

Earlier in the show, a presentation of a framed petit point picture was made to Mr. Henderson by spokesman Kenny Allen on behalf of the inmate body. The petit point was presented as a show of appreciation for the work that Jim Henderson, Dan Wood, and all the rest of the CBC group have been doing to entertain us each year.

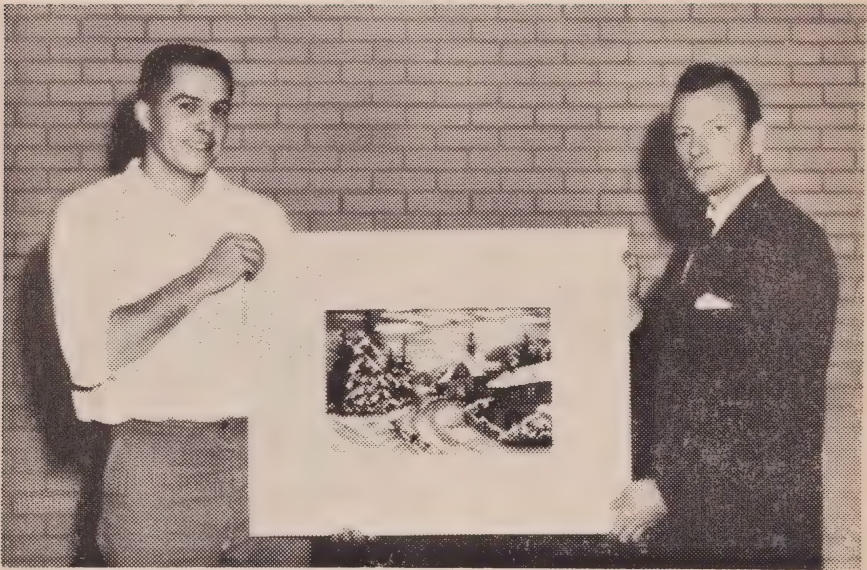
A second petit point picture was raffled and won by a musician in Bob McMullin's orchestra. Everyone in the CBC group held a ticket We wanted everyone to

win! But circumstances would not allow it . . . so we hope that the rest of you wonderful people will accept our applause as our utmost token of appreciation.

While the main population were being entertained behind the big wall, musicians and singers alike

were running over to the Farm Annex (our minimum security counterpart) with instruments and all, to entertain the boys out there.

It sure must have been a tired bunch of people who arrived home that Sunday evening of October 25, 1964.



Kenny Allen presenting Petit Point to Jim Henderson



Frank Morton (the author of this article) has graduated from the ranks of Contributing Writers. We of the Echoes are very pleased with Frank's efforts and have decided that we need him as a full time editor. Frank is now Entertainment Editor of the Mountain Echoes, and will be in complete charge of all business concerning concerts and the like—Ed.



Cornagraphic Edia

Seattle Wash.,- A young woman teller pursued a grey-haired man down the street after he had snatched \$1,600 from her cage. She caught him a block away and tapped him on the shoulder.

"Sir, I believe you have some of our money," said Kerry Kim, aged 20. "Yeah, you're right," the startled man replied. He then threw the two bundles of bills at Miss Kim and ran.

(The Angolite)

"Just think," said the man reading his paper, "it says here that over 5000 camels are used each year to make paint brushes." "Goodness," answered his wife, "Isn't it amazing what they can teach animals to do these days!"

"So you met your wife at a dance, eh? Sounds very romantic."

"It wasn't really—I thought she was at home looking after the kids!"

A lad of about ten was attempting to work out a crossword puzzle in the paper. "Hey Dad," he said "What is a four letter word ending with an I and a T that you find in the bottom of a birdcage?"

His father thought for a few seconds and replied, "Grit, son". "Shucks," answered the lad, "Give me your eraser, will you, Dad?"

(Tharunka)

In Delaware, a dog thief coolly reminded the judge of the common law rule that dogs have no legal value. Whereupon the judge found the defendant guilty of stealing the dog's collar.

(The Clock)

"Oh, what a lovely cow," said the cute secretary from the city. "But why hasn't it any horns?"

"There are many reasons," the farmer replied quietly. "Some cows do not have horns until later in life. Others have them removed, while still other breeds are born without horns."

"This one," he concluded, "does not have horns because it is a horse."

"Dear Editor: Thursday, I lost a gold watch I valued very highly. Friday, I placed an ad in your lost and-found column and waited. Saturday, I went home and found the watch in the pocket of another suit. You have a wonderful paper."

(The Bay Banner)

Santa Rosa, Calif.- For want of \$29 to pay his fine, a man served five days in Sonoma County Jail on a drunk charge, but he really didn't mind. Deputies knew right where to find him when a Rochester Minn. attorney asked assistance in locating him, to inform him he had inherited \$200,000.

An Ode To A Friend

I think that I shall never see
The pack of smokes I loaned to thee
The pack that I could well have spent
For varied forms of merriment.
The pack I loaned to you so gladly
The one that I now need so badly-
For whose return I had great hope
Like any other optimistic dope-
But packs one loans to fools like thee
Are not returned to fools like me.

Some time ago, the Mountain Echoes discontinued the Penal Press Exchange Column. We feel that all magazines recieved by us are worthy of comment, and we both read and very much enjoy them. We can only hope that our humble mag is the same to all of you.

RH DISEASE BLOOD EXPERIMENTS

by Don Iwaniw



Some time ago a number of inmates of this institution were asked if they would volunteer their services to an experiment being conducted by the University of Manitoba, Faculty of Medicine. The choosen inmates were a bit skeptical at first, but when it was mentioned that it might help preserve the life of an unborn baby most of us signed the paper permitting the use of our bodies. We were told that we would be injected with red blood cells, and periodic tests would be taken. It was explained that there would be no harmful effects as a result of this test, and that it would carry on for a minimum of six months. In order to better understand the experiment, and the hopes of the doctors involved in it, I will attempt to explain why it is necessary to the best of my understanding.

A woman becomes pregnant. She has RH negative blood. The baby, however, has RH positive blood which leaks back into the mothers blood stream. Over a period of months, the mothers blood forms

what is called "anti-bodies" in her blood, which destroys the rh positive cells that have come from the baby and into the mother. The first baby is born, normal. But now the mother has these anti-bodies in her blood. When she becomes pregnant again, these anti-bodies go into the baby's blood, and if the baby's blood is rh positive, it will destroy these cells. This could result in the baby's premature birth and death, and at best, if the baby is born, it's blood has to be completely changed, by transfusion of rh negative blood, and even this does not guarantee it's survival. The experiment being conducted is for the purpose of finding a way to prevent the initial formation of anti-bodies in the mother's blood, so that there can be no danger of rh disease to the unborn baby, which brings us to the method employed.

Volunteers with rh negative blood are injected with rh positive blood cells, and are also injected with a substance (called anti-D gamma globulin) which, it

is hoped, will destroy there cells. This substance is quite harmless, and will not effect anything other than the injected rh positive cells. It is hoped that this substance in this way, will prevent the formation of anti-rh anti-bodies. It is the purpose of this experiment to find out if this is so.

There are a total of about 50 volunteers involved in the experiment, and of these, there are 18 inmates of this institution. We have had our injections, both of the rh positive blood cells, and the Anti D Globulin, and now all that remains for US to do is to have ourselves available for periodic testing. In the first week, we had one injection and two samples were taken. The second day two samples were taken and the substance injected. Since then it has been one and two samples per day for the balance of the first week, and now once a week, and even less as the experiment progresses.

The experiment started about five years ago under the supervision of Doctors' Chown and Zipursky. Dr. Zipursky and Dr. Yeow have been coming out to the institution to take our blood samples and administer the injections, and it seems that this man gets pretty easy with that needle. Although I'm the type that firmly believes ALL needles are first filed to a blunt square just before they insert it in my arm, it is almost painless, and even the discomfort remains.

In addition to the three doctors already mentioned, there is a fourth doctor, and three technicians working on the studies. It was from Dr. Zipursky that I have gained my information (he re-wrote it twice), about both the formation of the rh diseases and how they were formed, and about the experiment, and what is hoped to be accomplished by it. We all hope that it will be very successful.



HOBBY —

Cont. from page 9

apiece.

One thing is certain; if you intend to purchase handcrafted art works or any other kind from men in institutions, you will find that you are going to pay much less for them than in the outside shops and you will be getting several times

the labour that is put into those made outside.

Christmas is almost here and we hope that all of you will be on the look out for sales of hobby crafts. They will help the men inside and be pleasant for those on the outside as well.

UNDER . . .

THE GYM ROOF

BY JACK WANNOP

Since the last issue of the Echoes, the activities in the Gym have been hot and heavy. The indoor sports enthusiasts have been making full use of all the facilities at their disposal, which is evidenced below. For the benefit of our outside readers, the men of the institution choose their own commissioners, and organize their own sports programs, subject to approval by the administration.



Badminton

A double knock-out series was played where 17 teams took part. This was one game where there wasn't much enthusiasm at the beginning but when the tournament was being started there was a wealth of participants. Needless to say, a few fell by the wayside before actual play began, and ultimately the teams left were keen to play. The tourney started off with a bang, when one of the teams which was exceptional was knocked off for its first loss. As teams were defeated and went to the losing set, and were knocked out, the games began to get tougher. A few of the teams were negated of one of the partners, due to unforeseen circumstances, but the remaining partner was allowed to pick up another partner. Finally on the 2nd of December the losing set was resolved but for one game, the D's team and the M's team, after 33 games had come to the semi-finals. They played a good set with blistering volleys, but as every game must one went to defeat, the M's were knocked out. The D's and the W, B team played off on the 9th. This was the D's who in their first game played brilliant, but eventual defeat by sheer power-playing on the part of W,B team. Then came the game for the championship. One team had no defeats, the other one. L & M had come through the winners set unshaved while W&B had to work for their place after one. The set began with W&B winning the first game 11 to 5, then L&M came back with a conscientious 11 to 6 win. The final game was the most awesome I have seen in all the 34 games of this series. With blistering returns, and sensational shots, the team of L&M

finally defeated W&B by the score of 11 to 5. Now that the tourney is over, I wish to thank all those who have participated, the losers for their stick-to-itivness and the winners for their brilliant performance. Thank you all

Basketball

The basketball has been going for the last little while. It started on November 13 and has been run by the able hands of Lyndsay Tolten.

For the team standings the games started on the 27th of last month, but there were some games played before that with 4 teams participating.

Following are the games and their scores:

Nov. 13	Celtics	37	VS	Knickerbockers	49
15	Tarpins	84	VS	Trotters	97
20	Celtics	30	VS	Knickerbockers	42
22	Tarpins	58	VS	Trotters	53
24	Celtics	54	VS	Tarpins	46

First League Game:

Nov. 27	Celtics	52	VS	Knickerbockers	59
29	Trotters	57	VS	Knickerbockers	31
Dec. 1	Trotters	71	VS	Celtics	69
4	Trotters	85	VS	Knickerbockers	61
6	Celtics	68	VS	Knickerbockers	68
9	Trotters	71	VS	Celtics	77

Team Standings:

Team	Wins	Ties	Losses	Points
Celtics	1	1	2	3
Knickerbockers	1	1	1	3
Trotters	3	0	1	6

League Top Scorer: Wakan — 84 field goals, 24 foul shots, total of 192 pts.

League Badman: McMillian with 25 fouls and 1 Technical Foul

In this league the referee and umpire have had some rough times, but they continued to show up for the games and should be commended on their efforts. I sympathize with them. Lyndsay is doing a double job of organizing and officiating in this league and deserves a special vote of thanks from all who participate. Another one who is always there for each game, and has a rough job is Jerry Piper, the Score Keeper.

VOLLYBALL

There is nothing really new in this sport. The men play it with a gusto of World champions. There are those here who love to play this game and wish that it was every other night instead of twice a week. They do not care about scoring, what they try to do is to have exceptional volleys and deck out the opposing players with faints and russes at the net. This was organized for a while and played by the rules. This was short lived because the one who organized it had to drop it. There is one thing that I still marvel at and that is the number of men who have forsaken the One-eyed Monster for the batting of a ball over net, this is an encouraging sign that we're not all going to pot.

WEIGHTLIFTING

These guys are still after the all-elusive C.A? body. Some of them are coming close. I saw one little guy climb up on the platform and stand around for a while watching an individual wrestle with a heavy weight. When the obvious weightlifter was through trying to lift it the little guy walked up, grabbed the barbell and calmly hoisted it over his head with the ease of a veteran, to the astonishment of all. But for all the men who are working out on the platform there are those who are there for muscle tone and for keeping in general fitness alone. They do not wish for phenomenal strength or muscular development.

CULTURE

From Page 7

fruit and first coffee he goes on to waffles, cakes made by Scandinavian techniques from wheat domesticated in Asia Minor. Over these he pours maple syrup, invented by the Indians of the Eastern Woodlands. As a side dish he might have the eggs of a species of bird domesticated in Indo-China, or thin strips of the flesh of an animal domesticated in Eastern Asia, which have been salted and smoked by a process developed in Northern Europe.

When our friend has finished eating he settles back to smoke, an American Indian habit, consuming a plant domesticated in Brazil, in either a pipe derived from the Indians of Virginia or a cigarette derived from Mexico. If he is hardy enough he may even attempt a cigar, transmitted to us from the Antilles by way of Spain. While smoking he reads the news of the day printed in characters invented by the ancient Semites upon a material invented in China by a process invented in Germany. As he absorbs the accounts of foreign troubles he will, if he is a good conservative citizen, thank a Hebrew Diet in an Indo-European language he is 100% American.

give good counselling and take out time to look into the real problem of the man on days **OTHER** than Sunday.

Some very real warning signs are visible to the public every day and many are deliberately ignored. An example could be one of the following:

An ex-offender with a wife and two or more children had been in jail long enough to make his wife dependant upon the community to give her welfare. She had managed to support herself and family on almost nothing. The husband comes home. Everything seems to pressure him. He has to do several things all at once or face a return to prison. He must get a job that will support his family and pay for those little credit items that mounted up while he was away. He has to please his parole officer. He has to face people who can either make him feel he can make it, or, they can in a few well selected words, put him into a spin that he might never recover from. Put all of this together with the one fact, that everyone from the police to the employer and associates will all say one thing to the man, while they are thinking another. They all expect him to foul up and it sometimes shows in little things they do or say. When a man discovers that he is constantly watched, eyed suspiciously, or questioned incessantly about minor things. . . he will, from long habit of former prison days, react with smart remarks, loss of interest and a desire to get away from the cause of all his frustrations. If he does he will either want to get some fast money to carry his family over until he can settle elsewhere, or some quick cash to get him out of town and away. It can lead a former drinker back to drink and it can in some cases lead to tragedy for some wise cracker that may not realize the pressures that are surrounding this man. Any way you look at it, it's a problem. And problems can be solved. But when you are dealing with human beings, they become individual and not a mathematical equation. The die hards say there is no hope and never was. If this is so, then we should build more prisons cause that's where the die hards will end up with that kind of thinking. More than that. . . when you hear such remarks. . . and if you believe them, then you are denouncing yourself.

No, there is no great astounding cureall. There is no mystery. There are only people involved, and where there are people, there is human nature and a little thing like psychology coupled with understanding can do more for the person than all the weird concoctions derived to do the trick.

Once the public becomes aware that those men in prison could be

next door neighbors, and that it will actually cost them nothing to permit the man to live without making him and his family (children included) feel as though they were the villains each time an issue cropped up. This is the start of revredial actions.

An employer who hires a man, but leaves him in the one position without elevation in status and pay, while newcomers fly past him . . . is setting the stage for the man to lose interest and quit . . . because he has gone as far as he can and he knows it. More than that, he knows that his boss doesn't really trust him and THAT alone could be the real boomrang.

Now you know why we need help to put this over to the public. Now you can see that even though we may be amateurs, that we ARE interested in our fellow man and ourselves to the point that we are quite willing to admit our needs (so far as we know them).

We are about to go to press again. This editorial is the first article that we have for our present issue. Now the job is to secure enough material to present you with sufficient sensible reading to make the efforts worth while and of value to those men who are depending on us to carry th message to those who can hurt or help. We wish to convert the former and accept what the latter has to offer.



No Time For Delinquency

With the entire world in tears over the rise in teen-age delinquency it's always a pleasure to note those exceptions.

While there are many teenagers who cry that there is no time to do all the things they should there comes to light a young man from Oklahoma, who at the age of 16 refutes the age-old claim, that all work and no play makes "Mike" a dull boy.

Mike, a Midwest City, Oklahoma, High School student thrives on activity. Mike is a drummer-boy for a local band group, The Monterays. Recently Mike completed a southern states tour with another group, Jan, Jill, and the Four Jacks. With all of this, Mike specializes in electronics and his bedroom at home is a maze of disc jockey and electronic equipment. Aside from this, Mike has passed his requirements for disc jockey MC and has had his own air-time on the local radio station. Jan and Jill are two lasses who also refute the pessimistic attitudes regarding teenagers. They are headed for stardom (all hard work, but a love of the work.) While we are mainly concerned with offenders, we take time to salute these fine young people. Teeners', take note!

TO ALL OUR FRIENDS



Greetings of the Season are heartily extended from all members of the Native Brotherhood Organization to similar groups in other institutions, and the Friendship Center in Winnipeg. We would like to take this opportunity of calling attention and thanks to those who have contributed so well to our year's program, especially: Professor Hill of the University of Manitoba, Mr. Ray Perry of the Friendship Center, and our liason officer Mr. Cowperthwaite



SUMMER AND FALL

ANNUAL SPORT'S BANQUET

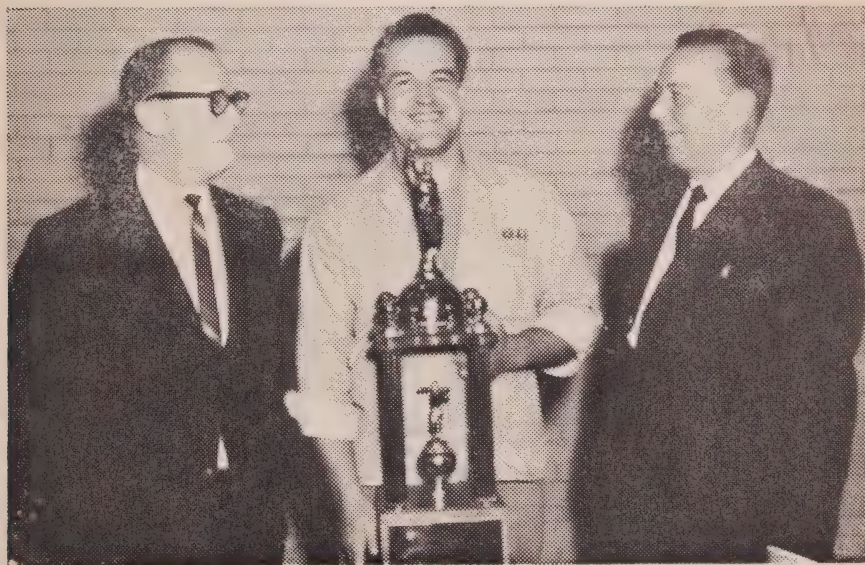
The annual Summer and Fall Sports Banquet is an event that any sports participant here at the "Mountain" is not likely to forget.

This year the Banquet was held in the gymnasium on October 24th during the noon hour on Saturday.

The Banquet tables were set up in a giant "squared" horseshoe with a single row in the center to fill the gap like the letter "E"

pointed down. Tableclothes, silverware and china dishware were the accouterments borrowed from the officer's mess and used to make a most presentable placement for the guests and inmates.

The food was served Buffet style with plenty to go around. All of the food stuffs were set out in the most delicious patterns not unlike that of french preparations. Having eaten plain foods for such a long



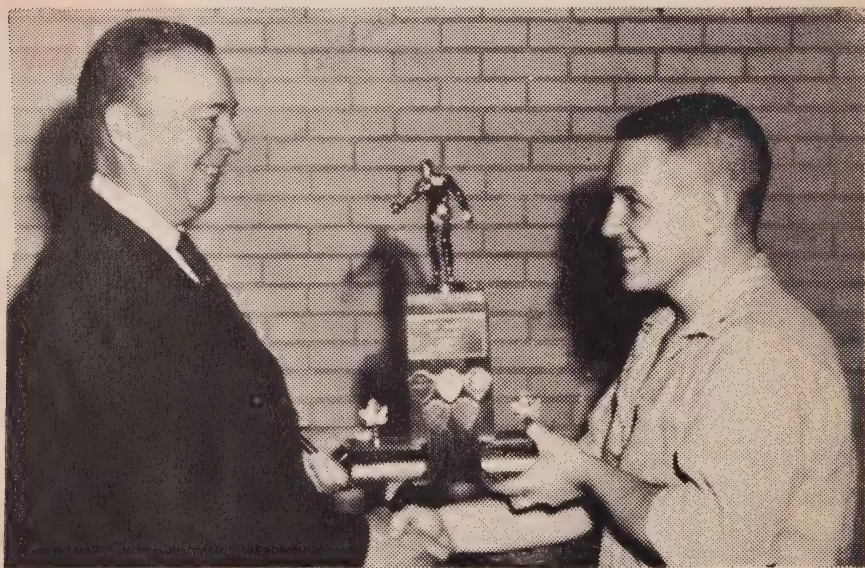
B League Championship
Carlo Dupont receiving ~~Manley Israel's Trophy~~ from Manley Israel (left)
and Warden F.S. Harris (far right)

time, the array set before me, made me wonder if I should eat it or hang it on the wall as I would a painting. The final decision was taken from me as the guests began to file past the food. The designs and artistic patterns began to transfer rapidly from the service table to the individual plates.

I was informed that Mr. Chorney and Bennett were responsible for the fine preparation and display of foods for the banquet. "They put quite an effort into the overall project and should be commended for their special labours for the banquet." This was the one remark that was made to me while I was

indulging a bit myself. Obviously this little mention could not possibly repay those named for their personal service in this regard but I think they know that we all enjoyed the food immensely and there were absolutely no complaints.

Present at the banquet were the following guests: Mr. Manley Israel, Mr. Pete Raccio, Mr. Marty Neal and Mr. Claude Gagnion. Accompanying them were, members of the Institutional Staff and unit supervisors. They were: Warden F.S. Harris, Mr. R.S. Thompson, A/W Mr. G. Tegman, A/W. Mr. W.J. Hancock, R/S Mr.



A. C. Spiers receiving B League Championship Tandy Trophy

B.A. Brown Assist. Recreational Officer.

For those who are unaware, Mr. Manley Israel is a Winnipeg attorney interested in the men of Stony Mountain. Over the past years he has been instrumental in the promotion of sport activities here and this will be the second year that we will have been privileged to have had certain awards and trophies sponsored by Manley Israel and presented to those men and teams who have shown their particular skill and sportsmanship for each succeeding year of fastball activities.

This year, and for the first time Manley Israel presented to this institution, a large beautiful award-trophy for presentation to the one man of the year who typifies as having given freely and unselfishly of himself, in such a manner as to be judged as being the most improved inmate of the year. This is not easy to do, or to be. The Achievement trophy was awarded to Jack Wannop, by Mr. Israel. With the trophy went a cash award of twenty-five dollars, and the felicitations of Mr. Manley and all the staff, guests and inmates present. Al Albertini joked that He should have been the one to receive the money. After all he should get something for his services. Everyone laughed because it is common

knowledge that Albertini, as well as the Sports Committee, were instrumental in selecting these men they felt would be the ones to personify the title of, "Most Improved". Other awards were made to the following men and teams: Orioles-"A" League Champions. Cubs-"B" League Champions. Mr. Israel made the "A" League presentation, while Warden Harris made the Cubs presentation for "B" League. Rudy Keller received The Israel Trophy for "A" League, as the Fast Ball Champions. Speers received the Tandy trophy for "B" League as the Fast Ball Champs. The following men received personal awards as follow: Rudy Keller, "A" League high average batting champ. (Monte Casino Trophy) Carlo Dupont, "B" League high average batting Champ. (Monte Casino Trophy) Henry Le Clerc, most improved "A" League player. B. Giba, most improved "B" League player. Billy Moad, 1964 high batting average with the winning team then. George Shaw received the trophy for Strychlarc as the high average batting champ of 1963 with his winning team.

Albertini acted as the MC throughout the presentations and he did it very well. He has that slow deliberate manner that is reminiscent of Will Rodgers in his day.

Kenny Allen spoke briefly for the Sports Committee and expressed his hope that the new year would show more improvements with the help of the men here. Kenny, like the other members of the Sports Committee, was brief and to the point . . . almost as if he felt that his presence was, in some way, taking up time valuable to others. It is these qualities that make us certain that the men that we elected to represent us, are the best and have our interests in mind. What they do say has meaning and we appreciate this.

The Warden congratulated the winning teams and winners of individual trophies. He stated that Manitoba Penitentiary is the only maximum security institution enjoying evening recreational privileges seven days per week and that this has been maintained, up to the present, through the co-operation of the inmate population.

Mr. Thompson gave his praise to those responsible for the fine banquet and especially to those who prepared the foods for those invited. He made mention that he hoped that we all would be able to eat on tables in the coming year, instead of in the cells as we are doing now. Further, that it was his hope that we would have something in the way of a cafeteria styled service,

where the men could pick and choose the food articles they want and not have to take certain foods they don't want. This news came as a welcome piece of information and something to look forward to.

Mr. Black's turn came to speak and the atmosphere seemed to change. It was easy to see that his talk would be humorous and all of us were waiting to see the effects of this little confab. As it turned out, we weren't disappointed. He started out by saying that the committee was always wanting something. He stated, "I would be sitting in my office busy with my usual institutional work and I'd hear the patter of little chubby feet in the hall. Sure enough, when I looked up, there would be the round smiling face of Albertini. I'd ask him what he wanted now. (He always wants something.) Sure enough, Albertini would ask to see me for a moment, and when I say come in . . . Al would turn around and motion behind him and in would troupe the rest of the Sports Committee. Needless to say they wanted something, and if it was reasonable, they usually got it. Sometimes we'd lock horns over an issue . . . but in the end there'd be an understanding." Mr. Black went on to say that one way or the other we managed to settle things. There were a few comments on the

pronouncing of certain French names of men which could put a fellow in a terrible bind if he mispronounced it. A fellow could be calling the name of a man all day and he would not answer due to the difference in emphasis on the proper syllable.

Mr. Tegman commented on the fine sports program and made a point of expressing his personal gratitude to those men who participated in the sport program here at the "Mountain" and in one short sentence summed up his feelings very well. "The staff and I

heartily endorse this program and it is our feelings that those who take advantage of the various sports activities here are not the men who appear before the disciplinary court and as the records show they rarely become problems. This, to me, is indicative of the value of such a program."

Each of the guests spoke briefly and on one occasion Mr. Ganion mentioned the fact that his own team were champions in the Senior League Team group. Mr. Raccio and Mr. Neal made references to their pleasure at being



Rudy Keller receiving the A League Championship Manley Israel Trophy



invited to the banquet and a few jokes were exchanged on the matter of umpires. Mr. Black made his own comment in the form of a joke, when he said, "It seems there were two fellows who were dead and waiting in that place in between for a decision to be handed down which would permit them to go to heaven. One was a player the other an umpire, their discussion touched on getting in with the local teams where they were going. The baseball player was sure he was going to heaven, while his

umpire friend was uncertain about his position. So when Saint Peter came to interview them. The one fellow asked him if they played any baseball up there. "Yes" said St. Peter, "We have a fine team, all the great old timers are there." "You must really beat the pants off the opposition" said the player, "Who do you play?" "We play THEM down below" said St. Peter. "Well you must be the champs, after all you've got right on your side." "No, we're not winners. Sure we have the best teams



(Left) G. Gagnion, W. Hancock, J. Raccio, G. Tegman, F. Harris, H. Black, M. Israel and M. Neal.

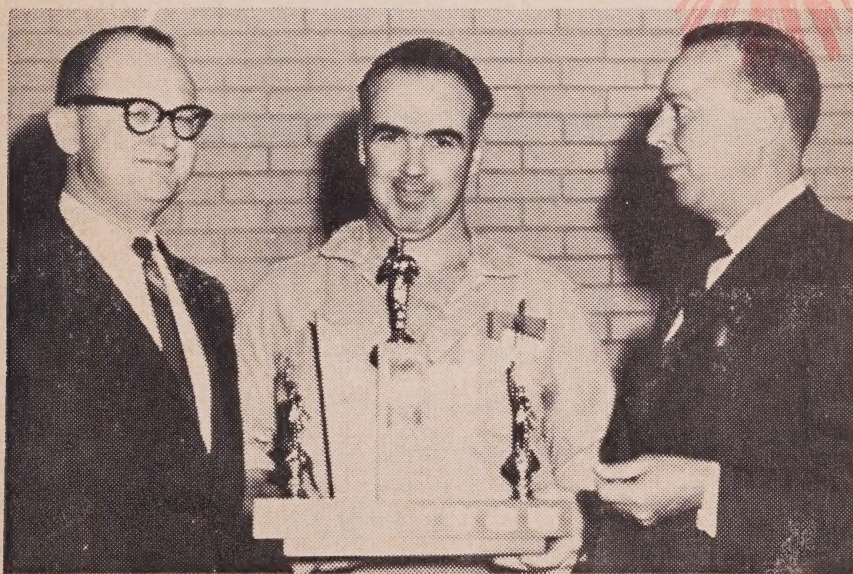
and all that, but those jokers down there have all the umpires!"

Mr. Hancock and Mr. Brown both commented on the fine showing that the men made in the past year in the sports field and they felt that the teams that come to the "Mountain" were always on the defensive due to the fine playing of the men and indeed, their sportsmanship.

Finally, when the last trophy was presented to Jack Wannop, as previously stated; Jack thanked the group and those who were

responsible for choosing him, and stated that he felt that there were others he felt that were more deserving than he was. But, the general opinion was that he had earned the right to this honour and that he had made a fine showing in behalf of sports and was the unanimous choice of the five members of the staff that selected him from the Committee's nomination.

For my part, it was a very enjoyable afternoon and I felt that everyone present were in accord with the overall decisions and awards.



Jack Wannop receiving "Manley Israel Achievement" Trophy

Music for three years. The first club date occurred only a few short months after they had joined together as a team. A local club in Winnipeg needed a fill-in for a few days and picked them to do the job. As it is now, approximately five years later, these guys have had several return engagements at all the main night clubs in Winnipeg. Their experience also includes radio and T.V. work, studio recording, and various booking in other parts of Canada. They are currently at the peak of their popularity on the western night club circuit. And -- thanks to the very informative Gene Telpner's

column, in the Winnipeg Free Press -- we find that they are, at this moment, in Toronto and expect to be booked soon for two T.V. shows; Record Hop and Juliette.

This quartet must really be seen and heard to be appreciated. So, the next time they are in town appearing at a local club, don't hesitate to drop in and dig their action! . . . You won't leave disappointed, I assure you!

I wouldn't be surprised to see this quartet off to the States in the near future. At any rate, I'm positive they are scheduled for bigger things.

PREJUDICE

Prejudice is a terrible thing,
it makes a man a tool,
it relieves him of his perspective,
and renders him a fool.

—CHARLES

